

The History of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compasse, and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face. & I'll amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I'll be sworne, I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darknesse. When thou runst up *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony, O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

Henry the Fourth.

How now, dame *Parlet* the Hen, have you enquired yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter Hostesse.

Hof. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeves in my house? I have searcht, I have inquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the right of a haire was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, *Hostesse*, *Bardoll* was shav'd and lost many haire, and I'll be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hof. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was never cald so in mine own house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hof. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your backe.

Fal. *Douglas*, filthy *Douglas*: I have given them away to Bakers wives, they have made boulders of them.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of viij. s. an ell: you owe money here besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poore? looke upon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, I'll not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my pocket pickt? I have lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Hof. O *Jesu*, I have heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a Jack, a sneak-cap: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now *Lad*, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two; Newgate fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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